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NOTICE.

We have to inform our readers that the office for the publication and sale of THE MUSICAL WORLD is removed to MESSRS. BOOSEY & SONS', No. 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square. Subscriptions, Advertisements, Music for Review, Correspondence, and all communications whatever for this Journal, must be addressed, henceforward, to the EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD, care of MESSRS. BOOSEY & SONS, as above.

OUR THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.

To our readers, one and all, a happy new year!

The *Musical World* is now two-and-thirty, in volumes. We have not lived so long without gathering some little experience. Of the experience we have gathered we hope to be able to make good use. For two-and-thirty volumes we have felt the pulse of the musical public. Ought we not, after so long an apprenticeship, to know tolerably well what that public requires?

In our first number for 1854 we have endeavoured to furnish as much variety as can be compassed in a journal of the pretensions which we assert. We may particularly call attention to a translation of a life of Mozart, by a Russian author (Alexander Oulibicheff), which has never previously appeared in this country; to a new and interesting memoir of Mendelssohn, equally unknown in England; to some extracts from the amusing German diary of Hector Berlioz, translated expressly for the *Musical World*; and last, not least, to the commencement of a series of papers, by Mr. Macfarren, on the music composed by Mendelssohn, at the instigation of the present King of Prussia, for the German version of Sophocles' tragedy of *Ædipus in Colonus*.

We trust that these may be accepted as a fair instalment of the debt we owe perennially to our friends and patrons, whose kind support we shall continue to use our best efforts to deserve.

Once more, to our readers, one and all, a happy new year!

MENDELSSOHN'S "ÆDIPUS IN COLONOS."

"ÆDIPUS IN COLONOS" is one of the seven tragedies of Sophocles, which alone have been preserved out of the hundred and twenty productions of that voluminous dramatic poet. It is the second in the order of events of the three plays which embody the history of the ill-fated hero, and its consequences. The first presents him as King of Thebes, discovering the awful mystery of his birth; the second, that in question, shows him in exile, fulfilling his unhappy destiny by a preternatural death; while the third completes the chain of Delphic predictions, with the death of Antigone, his devoted daughter.

Sophocles, the statesman, soldier, and dramatist, according to Valerius Maximus, composed this tragedy—which was no less admired by the ancients than it is esteemed by the moderns, for its freshness and vigour—in extreme old age. It is related by Tully, that as Sophocles neglected his family affairs, whilst wholly intent on his dramatic compositions, his sons instituted a suit against him before the Areopagites, praying, that as his understanding was impaired, he might be removed from the management of his estate. The octogenarian requested, in defence, to be allowed to read his *Ædipus in Colonus*, which had just been completed. This so fully established the healthy condition of his mind, that the court unanimously dismissed the petition of the complainants.

The political character which most strongly coloured the habits of the Athenians is powerfully illustrated in this play, where the prosperity, importance, and natural beauty of the country, and the valor and generosity of the people form the constant themes exemplified and enforced by the successive incidents. The element of the Chorus, which, in spite of the advocacy of Schiller, remains to the present appreciation an incongruity in the Greek drama, is here much more essential to the whole than in the tragedy of *Antigone*; since, besides the several odes, which carry on the progress of the action, eulogising the state, and moralising upon such conditions of humanity as the incidents present, this impersonal personality sustains a very considerable portion of the dialogue with the principal characters, and thus becomes a party in many of the most impassioned scenes of the play. If I am not misinformed, Mendelssohn composed the music for this tragedy, like that for *Antigone*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Athalie*, by command of the King of Prussia, for the purpose of its being executed in the Royal private theatre of Potsdam.

Much as we must rejoice in the genius that could elicit and so worthily obey such a command, we can no less extol the enlightened liberality of the monarch whose feeling for the beauty and necessity of art led him to conceive and to issue it. Prussia proved herself worthy of a great artist by the confidence reposed in Mendelssohn, and the homage paid to his talent. Of what is England worthy? To that

spirit, which prevails not here, the world owes the existence of these four masterpieces, in which the great and various dramatic powers of the composer are so eminently displayed. Possibly we have no Mendelssohn,—certainly we have no King of Prussia. Had there been no Mæcenas, Virgil would have had no opportunity to exercise his powers, and, his genius thus undeveloped, the world would have lost a poet. England has no Mæcenas, and hence it may be that England has no Virgil, or at least is ignorant of his existence. So long as it is the policy of our government, personally and officially, to furnish themes for the writers of leading articles in newspapers, and inflammatory excitement to their readers, while it neglects that most important medium of moral discipline, intellectual cultivation—so long will politics be the amusement of the people, art their handiwork, their furniture, their hard livelihood in pursuit, and, at best, their paper-hanging in its attainment. So long as the beautiful is but a business, and the stimulant of genius but a shop account of loss and profit, and the inconsequent example of the great works that have been produced under other auspices, must we bear the stigma the rest of the world has placed upon us, of being an unmusical nation. In Prussia, it is otherwise; and of that state of things Mendelssohn's *Edipus* is among the results of which we share the advantage.

The form of the Greek drama affords a novel and a very wide scope for the exercise of the musician's art; but, at the same time, the details of its construction fetter him with uncommon and embarrassing difficulties.

It was not new in the revival of the tragedies of Sophocles upon the German stage, to blend spoken declamation with instrumental accompaniment. The biographers of Mozart describe, as one of his first important dramatic successes, his music to *Milvridates*, which consisted entirely of orchestral accompaniments to the dialogue, in the style of recitative; and this, it seems, was a form of composition much esteemed at that period. The choral responses to the speeches of the characters constitute a new element, in the treatment of which *Antigone* has proved the greatness of Mendelssohn's power; and the present work, as it contains more of such scenes, and of a more complicated and extensive character, has more severely tested this power, and thus still more successfully established it. The difficulty of execution presented by the intermixture of speaking and singing, and by the reduction of spoken declamation to the restrictions of musical rhythm, while impeding the realization of the composer's effects, detracts nothing from his merit in producing it; and the feeling of every one who has witnessed the competent performance of *Antigone* is, that the effect thus attained is of the most powerfully exciting character that the dramatic musical art can attain.

The first difficulty, I may say, danger, of this class of writing exists in the necessity of reaching the pinnacle which lies between dulness on its more cautious and gradual ascent, and absurdity on the precipitous and sunny side of its declivity, and thus to elevate without exaggerating the dramatic situation. This demands the profoundest artistry, and the highest natural qualifications in the composer. The next difficulty or danger belongs to the fascination of continuous action, which impels the embodiment of line after line, phrase after phrase, in fresh ideas; in which uninterrupted succession, so attractive to the musician, he is liable to abandon that unity which is indispensable to the gratification of the hearer.

It is especially to be admired in the work under consideration, that in these declamatory scenes, while the

expression of the general sentiment and the enunciation of particular words form the chief purport of the musician, and the chief medium of his impression upon an audience, the principles of musical construction are so ingeniously, and so successfully brought to bear upon the treatment, even of the most impetuous, broken and seemingly irregular passages, as to render each scene a model of symmetry. Thus we have all the excitement of an unpremeditated passionate impulse, refined and beautified by the agency of artistic design. Such a handling of the subject is especially appropriate in a composition illustrative of a work of Greek art, the elements of which in all its branches of manifestation were artificial, refinement being the necessity, and nature the germ from which her inventions had to be ripened. It is eminently to the purpose that the unities of our own art should be scrupulously maintained, when it is brought into connection with another in which the laws of unity were despotic.

We must now consider another department of the work, and the difficulties that beset its treatment—viz: the adaptation of music to the Odes. The obvious purpose of this important feature in the design of the Greek drama was to afford intervals of repose during the progress of the action, which would else have been too violent and exciting to come within the rule of gradual undulation, which, as the principle of ideal beauty, was imperative in ancient art. The sanguine Greeks, softened by the influence of their sunny shores, ignored the awful majesty of the granite mountain-range—the precipitous abruptness, the rugged and barren irregularity of which present a stern sublimity, not less true to nature, and even more solemn in the impression it produces, than the unfailing curvature of spontaneous fertility which constitutes the luxurious indulgence of nature in her seasons of repose. To them the Alps were only visible through the subtle medium of distance,—suggesting, by analogy, the turbulence of human passion, through the no less subtle medium of art, which they interposed as a softening atmosphere between what was displayed and those who witnessed it. While this atmosphere—a southern one, transparent as truth—could not but reveal the roughness of the transvening forms, it presented coincidentally a mirage, built of the sunbeams and peopled with the unseen voices of daylight and imagination, which at least divide the attention, and, dazzling the sight, made it the involuntary act of the beholders to invest all they gazed upon with the brilliant colours thus imprinted on their retina. Further; the absence of metaphor is a studied characteristic of the dialogue of the Greek drama; and the employment of this graceful figure of rhetoric, and charming poetical medium, was confined to the Odes, which, by contrast no less than by sympathy, were made to soften while they heightened the effect, and promoted the development of the action. As, then, the musical treatment of the dialogue is intended to enforce the excitement of the dramatic action, so the musical rendering of the episodes is designed to soften the relief of the points of repose with which it is interspersed. Again, as in the accompanied dialogue there is little or no scope for rhythmical regularity, so in the Odes we have the contrast of continuous movement and unbroken melody, which is the metaphor of music. The composer's obstacle in treating these has been the enormous number of words, and the necessity of comprising them within such limits as the exigencies of the stage and the impatience, most natural to their situation, of a theatrical audience impose. Each Ode has words enough to form the text of an oratorio; and yet the minutes, the seconds, of the duration of each must be

counted. The difficulty of constructing rhythmical melodies and symmetrical compositions, without repeating words and recurring to passages, may be easily conceived; and it is obvious that such repetitions and recurrences would lengthen the music far beyond all practical availability. This difficulty having been mastered completely and successfully by Mendelssohn betokens the most consummate judgment and the greatest fluency; and a musical interest is produced which eminently fulfils the requirements of the situation.

Let us proceed to trace the course of the action of the tragedy, and to examine, scene by scene, its musical illustration.

G. A. MACFARREN.

[To be continued.]

MOZART'S DON JUAN IN BERLIN SINCE 1790.

On the 20th December, 1790, *Don Juan* was represented in Berlin for the first time, and on the 20th December, 1853, for the three hundredth time. On the first night the opera was cast as follows: Don Juan—Lippert; Ottavio—Benda; The Commandant—Kazeltitz; Leporello—Unzelmann; Masetto—Brandel; Anna—Madame Unzelmann-Bethmann; Elvira—Müller; Zerlina—Baranius-Rietz (who died only last year). We extract the following particulars, as the most interesting, from the statistical notice of L. Rellstab, in the *Bossische Zeitung*:

Lippert played Don Juan thirty times; Beschort (from 1796-1815) fifty-six times; Blume (1812-1830) one hundred and one times; Joseph Fischer eleven times; Bötticher sixty-one times; and Salomon thirteen times. Five artists, among whom was Wild, appeared as "stars" in the part.

After Benda, Ambrosch sang Ottavio (up to 1804); Eunice fifty-five times (up to 1819); Stümer fifty times (up to 1830); Bader twenty-three times; Mantius (1832 to 1853) eighty-two times; and Pfister eleven times.

Zschiesche has sung the Commandant ninety-eight times. Unzelmann sang Leporello eighty times; then Gern (the father); Joseph Fischer; Wauer, ninety-nine times; and Krause, forty-seven times.

Masetto was first sung by Brandel; then by Franz, Seidel, etc.; Wauer, thirty-three times; Rebenstein, Ed. Devrient, seventy-one times; and Mickler, forty-five times.

Donna Anna was first sung by Madame Unzelmann-Bethmann, twenty-two times; and then by Margaretha Schick (1794 to 1808), forty-nine times; Madame Müller, sixteen times; Schmalz, twenty-eight times (1810 to 1819); Schulz, forty-three times (1820 to 1829); Von Fassmann, twenty-seven times; Köster, nineteen times; and Johanna Wagner seven times. Altogether there have appeared in this part eighteen ladies engaged at the Hof-Theater (Theatre Royal), and eight-and-thirty from other theatres. Among the latter, the following are more particularly worthy of notice: Fräulein Grünbaum (called the German Catalani), four times (1817 and 1824); Henrietta Sontag, three times (1827 and 1830); Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient, six times (1831 and 1834); Carl, Lutzer, Schodel, Fischer-Achten, Schoberlechner, Hasselt-Barth, Jenny Lind, five times (1845 and 1846); Viardot Garcia, five times (1847 and 1848); Behrend-Brand, Küchenmeister-Rudersdorf, and Bochkolz-Falconi, four times (1853).

Elvira was first played by Madame Müller (as Fräulein Hellmuth) sixty-five times (up to 1808); and then by Fräulein Lanz, fifteen times; Schulz, twenty-five times;

Leist, ten times; Madame Milder-Hauptmann, forty-three times (1820 to 1829); Carl, eight times; Von Schützel, three times; Seidler, eleven times; Fräulein Hedwig Schulz, fourteen times; Von Fassmann, six times; Marx, fourteen times; and Fräulein Bexendorf, now Madame Bötticher, thirty-seven times. Among the ladies from other theatres, we may mention Nanette Schechner, twice (1827 and 1829); Clara Heinefetter, three times; Fräulein Spatzer (Palm), seven times; and Augusta Löwe.

Zerlina was first sung by the celebrated Baranius (afterwards Madame Rietz) twenty-seven times; then by Madame Eunicke, forty-nine times (up to 1815); by her daughter Johanna (afterwards Madame Krüger) thirty-nine times; Madame Seidler thirteen times; Fräulein von Schätzel thirteen times; Fräulein Grünbaum (afterwards Madame Bercht) thirty-seven times; and Fräulein Tuczeck, fifty-one times. It is a remarkable circumstance that only four ladies from other theatres have sung the part of Zerlina at Berlin; among these were Madame Neumann-Haitzinger, and Fräulein Lina Roser, the present Madame Balfe.

What a brilliant list of singers, especially ladies, to have appeared in *Don Juan*, in one German theatre, in the course of sixty-three years!

MENDELSSOHN AND BERLIOZ.*

(From Berlioz' "Musical Tour in Germany," 1843.)

TO STEPHEN HELLER.

ON quitting Weimar, the musical city which I could most easily visit was Leipsic. Yet I hesitated about going, in spite of the dictatorship with which Mendelssohn was invested, and of the friendly relations that united us at Rome, in 1831. We had followed since that epoch such diverging lines in Art, that I confess I feared I should not find very lively sympathy in him. Chélaré, however, who knew him, made me blush at my own doubts, and I wrote to Mendelssohn. I had not to wait long for an answer; here it is:—

"MY DEAR BERLIOZ—I thank you heartily for your good letter, and for your still cherishing the memory of our Roman friendship! As for me, I never shall forget it, and I rejoice that I shall soon be able to tell you so *viva voce*. All that I can do to render your sojourn at Leipsic happy and agreeable, I shall regard as a pleasure and a duty. I think I can assure you that you will be contented with the city, that is to say, with the musicians and the public. I was not willing to write you without consulting several persons who knew Leipsic better than I do, and they have all confirmed me in the opinion that you will have an excellent concert. The expenses for orchestra, hall, advertisements, etc., will be about 110 crowns: the receipts may amount to from 600 to 800. You ought to be here to arrange the programme, and whatever else is necessary, at least ten days beforehand. Furthermore, the directors of the Society of Subscription Concerts charge me to ask you if you are willing to have one of your works performed in the concert to be given on the 22nd of February, for the benefit of the poor of the city. I hope you will accept their proposition after the concert which you will give on your own account. I beg you, then, to come here as soon as you can leave Weimar. I rejoice that I shall be able to clasp you by the hand and bid you welcome to Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you did at Rome, but con-

* Translated for the Musical World.

tinue to be my good friend, as you were then, and I shall ever be your devoted "FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY."

How could I resist an invitation couched in such terms?

I set out for Leipsic, not without regretting Weimar and the new friends I left there.

My connection with Mendelssohn began at Rome in rather a singular manner. At our first interview he spoke to me of my cantata, *Sardanapalus*, which had been crowned at the Institute of Paris, and of which my co-laureate,* Montfort, had let him hear some portions. When I expressed to him my aversion to the first *Allegro* of the said Cantata: "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, joyfully, "I congratulate you upon your taste. I was sure you would not be satisfied with that *Allegro*; frankly, it is miserable! We were nearly quarrelling the next day because I spoke with enthusiasm of Gluck. He replied to me in a tone of raillery and surprise—"Ah! you like Gluck?"—as though he meant: "How can a musician, such as you seem to me, have enough elevation of ideas, or an appreciation of grandeur of style and truth of expression sufficient to enable you to like Gluck?" I had an opportunity, however, to avenge myself for this taunt. I had brought with me from Paris the air of Asteria, from the Italian opera *Telemaco*, which is very little known. A manuscript copy of this, without the name of the author, was placed on Montfort's pianoforte, one day when we expected a visit from Mendelssohn. He came. Seeing the music, which he took to be a fragment from some modern Italian opera, he set to work, as a matter of duty, to execute it; and the four last bars, on the words, "O giorno! O dolce sguardo! O rimembranza! O amor!" where the musical accent is truly sublime, he parodied in a grotesque fashion, counterfeiting the voice and manner of Rubini. I stopped him, and with an air of affected surprise, said:

"Ah! you don't like Gluck!"

"What! Gluck!"

"Alas! yes, my dear friend, this piece is Gluck's, and not Bellini's, as you thought. You see I am of your opinion . . . more so even than yourself!"

He never pronounced the name of Sebastian Bach without ironically adding—"your little pupil!" In short, he was a very porcupine whenever there was talk of music; one knew not on which side to take him, to avoid getting wounded. Endowed with an excellent temper, a sweet and charming humour, he easily bore contradiction upon any other subject; and I, in my turn, abused his tolerance in our philosophical and religious discussions.

One evening we were exploring the baths of Caracalla, discussing the merits and demerits of human actions, and their remuneration during life. As I replied with some irreverence, I knew not what, to his religious and orthodox opinions, Mendelssohn's foot slipped, and down he rolled among the ruins of a declivitous staircase. "Admire divine justice," said I, helping him to rise—"It is I who scoff, and you who fall!" This, accompanied with unrestrained laughter, was more than he could bear; and from that time religious discussions were avoided between us.

It was at Rome that, for the first time, I appreciated that fine and delicate musical tissue, variegated with such rich colours, which bears the name of *Overture to Fingal's Cave*. Mendelssohn had just finished it, and gave me a pretty exact idea of it; such was his prodigious skill in reproducing on the piano the most complicated scores. Often,

on days that weighed us down with the *sirocco*, I would interrupt him in his labours (for he was an indefatigable producer). He would lay down his pen with a good grace, and seeing me overcome with spleen, he would try to solace me, by playing whatever I asked for from the works of the great masters whom we both loved. How many times, lazily stretched upon his sofa, have I sung the air from *Iphigenia in Tauris*—"D'une image, hélas! trop chérie"—which he accompanied upon the piano. "That is beautiful—beautiful!" he would exclaim. "I could hear it from morning to night—always—always!" And we recommenced. He was very fond also of making me hum in a low voice, and in that same horizontal position, some melodies I had written to verses of Moore, which pleased him. Mendelssohn has always had a great esteem for my . . . little songs. After a month of this intercourse, which finished by becoming so full of interest for me, Mendelssohn disappeared without bidding me adieu, and I did not see him again. His letter, which I have just quoted, caused me, on that account, a very agreeable surprise. It revealed a kindness of heart and an amenity of manner which I had not believed him to possess. I soon found, however, on arriving at Leipsic, that these excellent qualities were actually his. He has lost none of the inflexible rigour of his opinions on Art; but he does not attempt to impose them upon others; and limits himself rather, in the exercise of his functions of chapel-master, to the production of what he considers beautiful, and the neglect of that which seems to him bad, or of a pernicious example. His partiality, nevertheless, is too uniformly shewn for the dead.

The Society of Subscription Concerts, of which he had spoken to me, is numerous and admirably conducted. It possesses a magnificent Academy of Singing, an excellent orchestra, and a hall, that of the *Gewandhaus*, of perfect sonority. It was in this large and beautiful building that I was to give my concert. I went there as soon as I got out of the carriage; and I arrived in the midst of a general rehearsal of a new work of Mendelssohn—*The Walpurgis Night*. I was marvellously struck at the outset, with the *timbre* of the voices, the intelligence of the singers, the precision and *verve* of the orchestra, and, above all, with the splendour of the composition. I am strongly inclined to regard this secular oratorio as the most finished composition that Mendelssohn has produced up to this day.* The poem, which is Goethe's, has nothing in common with the Sabbath of the Witches in *Faust*; it is founded on a legend of the early Christians, relating to the nocturnal assemblies on the mountains of a religious sect, who remained faithful to Druidical customs at a time when sacrificing in high places had been interdicted. It was their habit, on nights destined to their holy ceremonies, to station in the mountain passes a great number of armed sentinels, in strange and terrible disguises; when the priest, ascending to the altar, began to intone the sacred hymn, the troop of feigned devils, brandishing pitchforks and torches, began to utter all sorts of hideous cries and noises in order to hide the voices of the choir and frighten away the Christian soldiers and other profane intruders whose purpose it might be to interrupt the proceedings. From this, no doubt, sprang the French use of the word "Sabbath" (*Sabbat*) as a synonyme for a great uproar at night. To form any notion of the varied opportunities which Goethe's poem presents to a composer of imagination, the music of Mendelssohn should be heard; he has, indeed,

* Hippolyte Montfort, a well-known operatic composer, since dead.

* Berlioz, it must be remembered, is writing in 1843.

turned the subject to admirable account; his score, in spite of its intricacy and elaboration, is perfectly clear and intelligible; and the vocal and instrumental effects, which seem to cross, counteract, and jostle against each other in every conceivable way, present an order out of disorder which realises the highest perfection of art. I must especially cite, as magnificent things in opposite styles, that mysterious piece, where the posting of the sentinels is accomplished, and the final chorus, where the voice of the priest at intervals raises itself, calm and religious, above the infernal *fracas* of pretended sorcerers and demons. I know not what to praise most in this finale—the orchestra, the chorus, or the whirlwind impetuosity of the whole. It is a masterpiece. At the instant when Mendelssohn, full of joy at having written it, descended from the orchestra, I advanced to meet him, in raptures at having heard it. The moment for our interview could not have been happier, yet, after exchanging the first few words, the same sad thought came to us simultaneously.

"Why," exclaimed Mendelssohn, "it is twelve years!—twelve years since we dreamed together in the Campagna at Rome!"

"And," I retorted, "in the baths of Caracalla."

"Ah!" said he, "still a scoffer—always ready to mock!"

"No, no," I answered, "I have given up railing. I wished to test your memory, and find out if you had pardoned me. So little am I disposed to mockery, that now, at our first interview, I am going to entreat you with great earnestness to make me a bequest, to which I attach the utmost value."

"What may that be?"

"The baton with which you have just conducted the rehearsal of your new work."

"Willingly, on condition that you send me yours."

"I shall be giving brass for gold; no matter, I consent."

And the musical sceptre of Mendelssohn was mine. The next day I sent him my heavy oak stick, with the following note, which I trust the Last of the Mohicans would not have disowned:—

"TO CHIEF MENDELSSOHN!"

"Great Chief! We have promised to exchange tomahawks! Here is mine! Mine is larger—thine is simpler! But only squaws and pale faces love ornamented weapons. Be my brother!"

"When the Great Spirit shall have sent us to hunt in the land of spirits, may the warriors hang up our tomahawks together in the Hall of Council!"

Such, in all simplicity, was the occurrence, which *innocent* malice has attempted to render melo-dramatic. Mendelssohn, when we came to the organisation of my concert a few days after, really acted like a brother in my behalf. The first artist whom he presented to me as his *Fidus Achates* was concert master David, an eminent musician, a composer of merit, and a distinguished violinist. David, who speaks French perfectly, was of great service to me.

[To be concluded in our next.]

WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, the concert announced for last Wednesday was put off. On the same night, a line of carriages extended from the Princess's Theatre to Regent Street one way, and to New Oxford Street the other. The attraction was Mr. Charles Kean's Hamlet.

Mr. T. M. MUIR has returned to Edinburgh, to renew his professional engagements.

THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(From the original of Alexander Outibicheff.)*

CHAPTER I.

1756-1762.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born on the 27th January, 1756, in Salzburg, the capital of the Archbishop's See, which was named after it. He was the youngest of seven children, of whom he and his sister, who was his senior by five years, were the only ones who lived to grow up. Before proceeding any further with our subject, however, we may be allowed to say a few words concerning Mozart's father, who is well worthy of being noticed, and who, besides, plays an important part in this biography. Leopold Mozart, who was Vice-Capellmeister of the then Archbishop of Salzburg, was so remarkable both as a man and an artist, that from his disposition, his mind, his religious feeling, and his manifold and, in my opinion, his rare store of knowledge for a musician of those days, he would have been an ornament to any profession or position whatever. He was fond of literature, and understood Latin, as well as several living languages. His method for the violin, by which almost all the German *virtuosi* of the last century formed themselves, several compositions for the church, which are, with reason, highly esteemed, and a great mastery over his principal instrument—the violin—sufficiently testify the wide scope and profundity of his musical talents. His chief merit, however, consisted in his excellent method of tuition, for his son never had any other teacher of the pianoforte or of composition than him.

From the correspondence which Leopold Mozart kept up with his family, it is an easy task to form a perfect estimate of his character. He was a German to the backbone—serious, deliberative, methodical, industrious, and exceedingly economical—fond of order, and accustomed to hold the reins of his domestic affairs with a tight hand; a man of untiring perseverance and upright feeling. In the presence of the great personages with whom his avocations brought him in contact during a period of so many years, he invariably observed a respectful demeanour, without however in the least forgetting what was due to himself; while towards persons in his own station he was reserved, and, although always polite, cold. No one entertained a loftier idea of art and the high mission of an artist than he; but in spite of this, he set a greater value upon the outward demonstrations of applause on the part of the public than on any other kind of acknowledgment by which they are accustomed to manifest their satisfaction. The positive and the present touched him more nearly than the feeling of uncertainty as to how posterity would judge. Among the qualities which were natural to him, we must not forget to mention great penetration and sharpness. In all matters in which his interest was concerned, Leopold Mozart displayed a remarkable degree of skill in penetrating the motives by which others were actuated; and we frequently find him disposed to imagine some hidden purpose at work in cases where none such existed. In everything that he undertook he invariably manifested the most anxious caution. For instance, in the letters which he wrote to his wife during his stay in Italy, he always avoided informing her what the amount of his receipts was; because a woman can

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never be silent about things of this description, and because, as he said, the good people of Salzburg, who were not in a position to form a correct idea of his travelling and other expenses, would, if they knew the amount of his income, look upon him as richer than he really was. Although in his correspondence he always avoided touching upon political subjects, he possessed a system of ciphers of his own invention, which was very difficult to be understood, and which he employed whenever he had occasion to speak of his relations with people of high rank. Without this diplomatic precaution he would never have ventured to inform a friend, that: his archbishop had treated him badly and paid him worse.

My readers will be convinced by what I have here stated, if they were not previously acquainted with the fact, that the composer of *Don Juan* could not much resemble so perfect a specimen of a thorough-going respectable citizen. They will, on the other hand, observe the individuality of the son develop itself in a spirit of the most strongly marked contrast to that of the father; for the two had nothing in common save that frankness and probity for which both were so honourably distinguished. But these contrasts, both in disposition and feeling, between two beings whose capabilities were so different, while a mutual and closer connection was absolutely necessary to both, proved, after all, nothing more than the most perfect accord between the means and the end. The sum of the capabilities of the one represented unalloyed Genius, the incarnation of the Musical Art, the rich stores of transcendental ideas become flesh and blood. The sum of the capabilities of the other represented, as the reader will eventually perceive, all that was absolutely requisite to raise this Genius to the highest pinnacle of the most perfect power of accomplishment, rendering the transformation of these transcendental ideas into a multitude of *chef-d'œuvre* practicable. The son could not have had a father more suited to the peculiar bent of his mind.

The position filled by Leopold Mozart in the Archbishop's orchestra occupied a large portion of his time, although the pay was barely sufficient to defray the expenses of his household. Musical tuition and the sale of his works made up what was wanting, and enabled him to provide for his own support and that of his family. As a natural consequence, this kind of life left him but few leisure moments; but scholars and music publishers were forgotten from the moment that little Wolfgang began to stammer forth the heavenly language which no mortal was ever destined to speak as he did. His father would willingly have forgotten his official duties as well as all his others, had he been able to watch over the progress of his boy without being necessitated to provide for his support. We must not forget that Leopold Mozart was a Roman Catholic with his whole soul; he was, therefore, immediately decided as to whom he should ascribe the wonder which he beheld; he instantly recognized in the child what we acknowledge at the present day; and, being perfectly convinced that Providence had chosen him as the means of bringing forward an extraordinary phenomenon, he devoted his whole being to the fostering of the wonderful flower which the grace of Heaven had suffered thus to bloom for him.

As we have already said, Wolfgang had an elder sister, and her talent, which was as precocious as his own, would have excited far more astonishment in the world had it not been eclipsed by that of her brother. Anna Maria, called by her family Nannerl, was seven years old when her father began to teach her the piano. Wolfgang was then three years old. Up to that period nothing particular had been remarked in

him, save a certain impetuous liveliness of disposition, and a great love for all kinds of games, which far outbalanced the desire for dainties common to children of his age; he had likewise always displayed great sensitiveness; every moment he would ask the inmates and friends of the house whether they loved him, and, if they said they did not, he would instantly begin to cry. But from the day on which Nannerl took her first lesson the boy became a totally different being. Excited and attentive to what was going on, he would wait until there was no one at the piano and then sit down and practise. If he were not disturbed, he would pass whole hours in finding out thirds, and his countenance would beam with delight if he succeeded in producing an harmonious chord. His father observed all this without knowing whether to attach any value to it or no, but he resolved to make a trial. A very short minuet was placed before the boy, and in half-an-hour he played it so roundly and in such perfect time as to fulfil every expectation. For rather longer pieces of music he required an hour, and scarcely had a year elapsed ere Wolfgang dictated to his teacher pieces which he himself had imagined: he composed before he could write a note.* Two years later the boy might have been numbered among the good piano-forte players of the day.

His teacher, who was in the highest degree astounded and almost alarmed at such progress, endeavoured rather to keep him back than urge him forward: he did not dare to make him acquainted at so early an age with the rules of composition. Vain caution! Already did the plan of a piano-forte concerto busy the young head, which, at a subsequent period, was destined to perfect and fix the true rules of the art, as well as to reject so many principles which had previously obtained, and for so long a time been supported by the authority of the most celebrated theorists. Wolfgang began, therefore, writing his concerto, but an unexpected obstacle arose and threatened to prevent his carrying out his project. As he was always in the habit of dipping his pen to the very bottom of the inkstand, instead of notes he produced nothing but so many large blots. This troubled him exceedingly; he cried; but still would not allow it to stop him; he wiped away the blots with his open hand, and, entirely absorbed with the idea in his head, continued writing. What sort of an appearance the music paper presented we leave the reader to imagine. His father, who knew nothing of Wolfgang's purpose, stepped at this moment, accompanied by a friend, into the room.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"I am writing a piano-forte concerto; the first part is almost finished," replied Wolfgang.

"Let me look at it; it is a pretty piece of work, I have no doubt," said his father.

"No, no! it is not finished," answered the boy.

His father took it away from him, however, and at the first sight of such a piece of scribbling burst into a loud fit of laughter. But when he came to examine the composition more attentively, his countenance assumed a totally different expression; tears of joy and astonishment trickled down his cheeks.

"See," he said to his friend; "see here; everything is rightly planned and according to rule, but it is of no use, because it is so exceedingly difficult."

* All these particulars are authentic. Herr Von Nissen has noted down in chronological order all the pieces of music which Leopold Mozart taught his son, as well as those which, at a later period, the scholar dictated to his master.

"What of that—it is a concerto," cried the little composer, who believed that playing a concerto and working miracles signified one and the same thing. "It must be practised until it is mastered. Look, this is it."

He now commenced playing, and although he was not, of course, perfectly successful, managed at any rate to play sufficient to give his audience an idea of what he intended. The concerto was in reality impracticable, but quite correct, and written for a full orchestra with trumpets and drums.*

Not only in music, however, but in everything that he was taught, did little Wolfgang distinguish himself, displaying particular aptitude for mathematics, a science so nearly allied to musical genius; he subsequently, in fact, calculated with great facility, and worked out the most intricate arithmetical questions in his head. His memory, of which he gave some exceedingly remarkable proofs, was, indeed, as marvellous as his genius.

Our hero was entering upon his sixth year when Leopold Mozart thought that both his scholars were sufficiently advanced in the art for him to appear with them before the public, and a far more brilliant public than that of the town and court of Salzburg.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN.

PARIS, January 1.—The Académie Impériale de Musique was honoured by the presence of the Emperor and Empress on the occasion of the benefit of M. Lepeintre, on Tuesday last. In the third act of the *Bénéficiaire*, Bataille, who played the part of the singer, gave the air from the *Châlet* with remarkable effect. Gueymard has met with a disagreeable accident. His hair-dresser, who was about to curl his hair, finding the irons too hot, while waving them to and fro in the air to cool them, accidentally struck him on the forehead and narrowly escaped injuring his eyes.—At the Théâtre Italien, on Thursday last, *Ernani* was revived for the *reentrée* of Madame Nissen, in the part of Elvira, a bold effort, considering the *éclat* which Sophie Cruvelli had given to the character. Madame Nissen, who was excessively nervous, was very much applauded in the *cabaletta* of the *aria d'intrata*, "*Ernani involami*." She has a *mezzo soprano* voice, stronger in the higher than in the lower register, the medium notes being good. She is a sensible actress, and manages her voice with skill. Gardoni came out as Ernani with great force. His voice was so sympathetic and pure, and his style so graceful, that he could not fail to engage the interest of his audience. Graziani, who possesses a baritone voice of power and quality, obtained a decided success. The *finale* of the third act was encored and repeated.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, yesterday evening, the first representation of Donizetti's opera of *Elisabeth* took place. A new fairy opera, in three acts, written by M. Clairville, the music by J. B. Wekerlin, will shortly be put into rehearsal. Nearly all the best artists will appear in it.—Louis Lacombe, the composer, has gone to Leipzig, where he has been invited by the Society of the Gewandhaus. He will shortly return to Paris.—Mons. N. Louis, a dramatic composer, has lately married Madlle. Jenny Leroy.

* Mr. Holmes, whose biography of Mozart, a work written with great care, appeared in 1840, remarks, in connection with this passage, that a score for a full orchestra with trumpets and kettle-drums, is only a little biographical flourish on the part of Nissen, who had no need to invent a wonder of this description. All the scores which were written by Wolfgang before he attained his tenth year, and which have come down to us, are calculated for practical use, and in no way bear the stamp of ostentation. As a general rule, he seldom employed any wind instruments save oboes, bassoons, and horns, with which indeed the orchestras of that day were better provided than with any other instruments of a similar description.

BERLIN, 22nd December.—The day before yesterday a great event came off at the Theatre of the Grand Opera. The *Don Juan* of Mozart was performed for the 300th time. It was exactly the same day, 63 years before, that the first representation of this *chef-d'œuvre* took place in Berlin. The evening began with a prologue, preceded by the overture to *Idomeneo*, by Mozart. The stage represented a magnificent *salle*, the extremity of which was hidden by rich curtains. The principal *régisseur*, M. Stawinski, delivered a discourse. The curtains were then drawn aside, and a garden was seen, in which were placed *tableaux vivants*, representing groups from the seven principal operas of Mozart.—*Idomeneo* (1780), *L'Enlèvement du Sérail* (1782), *The Marriage of Figaro* (1787), *Don Juan* (1787), *Così fan tutte* (1790), *Die Zauberflöte* (1791), and *La Clemenza di Tito* (1791). The groups were arranged so that that of *Don Juan* formed the centre. During this exhibition the chorus of Isis and Osiris, from *Die Zauberflöte*, was sung behind the scenes. At the end of this chorus, the heavens appeared to open, and the statue of Mozart was displayed in radiant glory. The statue was an imitation of that by Schwanthaler, at Salzburg—the birthplace of the immortal composer. At the foot of the statue was a cradle, surrounded by the muses, in allusion to the extraordinary precocity of Mozart's genius. This apotheosis was received with unanimous applause, and, after the fall of the curtain, the audience redemanded it. The curtain was then raised, and showers of bouquets were immediately thrown from all parts of the house, and fell on the stage amidst thunders of applause. The *Don Juan*, in which every part was played by a first-rate artist, was given with a spirit and *ensemble* that enchanted the audience. Madlle. Johanna Wagner, who played the part of Donna Anna, was recalled at the end no less than six times.—At Kroll's, Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been well performed.—At a concert in the Royal Theatre, the clarionettist, Cavallini, shewed himself worthy of the reputation that preceded him.—Joachim, the violinist, will play at one of the next concerts of the Society of Gustavus Adolphus, and Madlle. Lind (Goldschmidt) is expected to sing on the same evening.

COLOGNE.—The fourth Gesellschafts-Concert took place in Cologne on Tuesday, the 20th December last. It commenced with Haydn's Symphony in D major. This was followed by the 24th Psalm of Schneider, in memory of the deceased composer, who breathed his last on the 23rd November. The first part was brought to a conclusion by Joseph Joachim, who played his *Concertstück* for the violin in the most masterly manner. The second part opened with a new overture to *Phædra*, composed by Ferdinand Hiller, and played on this occasion for the first time. It was highly successful, and greatly applauded. After the overture came two "Christmas Songs," by Leonhart Schröter, composed in the year 1587; they found great favour with the audience, and were followed by Beethoven's grand *violin-concerto*, which Joachim played in his very finest style, and held the hearts of all present completely entranced by the wonderful skill of his execution. Whenever a pause in the composition gave the audience an opportunity of applauding, they did so most enthusiastically. The concert terminated with Spontini's overture to *Olympia*, excellently played.

IBID.—A *Soirée* for the benefit of Herr Clef, formerly stage-manager of the Vandeville-Theater, took place on the 22nd December last. Messrs. Joachim, Hillier, and Koch kindly volunteered their services upon the occasion. Joachim first played a Romance of his own composition, followed by some *Variations* by Paganini, and then, with Ferdinand Hiller, a *Sonata* by J. S. Bach (E major), three *Studies* by Hiller, for the piano and violin, and Beethoven's grand *Sonata* in A minor. Koch sang some songs by F. Schubert, Nicolai, and R. Schumann (*Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn*), and likewise Beethoven's *Adelaide*.

LILLE.—The Association Lilloise gave a vocal and instrumental concert, on Wednesday, the 21st ult. The music of the 6th regiment executed *La chasse espagnole*, a military fantasia, by M. Elwart. M. M. Lefebvre and Arnold sang several melodies by this composer; among others, a romance, entitled "The Three Fine Days in the Life of a Soldier," was especially admired.

MILAN, 7th and 8th Dec.—At the Teatro Carcano, *Rigoletto* was performed before a crowded audience. Between the acts, Madame Lemaire sang the rondo finale from *Cenerentola*, and obtained an encore. The succeeding evening, a repetition of the performance merited a renewal of the same success. Madame Lemaire was twice called forward at the conclusion. In *Nabucco*, given on the 13th, Madame Lemaire took the part of Fenena, and acquitted herself with much honour: she sang the romance with purity of style and sweetness of expression, and was warmly applauded. She is a pupil of the well-known Maestro Celli.

PARMA.—The *Prophète* was produced here on the 28th Dec., with great success.

NICE.—Alexandre Batta, the violoncellist, is here, after narrowly escaping shipwreck on his passage from Marseilles, which he left on the 18th December during fine weather. A hurricane arose during the night, and left the vessel for two days in a most perilous position. The cargo being thrown overboard, the ship righted and arrived at Nice after a four days' passage. The passage from Marseilles to Nice is generally made in twelve hours.

ANTWERP.—Madame Doria appeared for the first time at the Grand Opera, on Friday, the 30th ult., in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Apathetic and severe as the good Flemish burghers are known to be, they were roused on this occasion, not only by Madame Doria's singing, but by Madame Doria's acting. No success could have been more decided than that of Madame Doria.

NEW YORK.—The last news from the states informs us that the second series of Jullien's concerts are going on triumphantly. A new German Opera Company has been formed with a view to give performances at 25 cents. in the chief cities of America.

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* continues to draw large audiences at Niblo's.

BOSTON.—Madame Sontag has announced three concerts, at 50 cents, being desirous that an opportunity should be given to the public at large of hearing her, previous to her retirement. She will be assisted by Signor Rocco, Paul Jullien, and Alfred Jaell.—The announcement of the sudden death by apoplexy of Jonas Chickering, Esq., the well-known pianoforte manufacturer, has been received with deep sorrow throughout the entire community. He was one of our most industrious, enterprising, and benevolent citizens, and at the head of his profession. His name is probably more widely known than any other mechanic in the country. When his extensive warerooms were destroyed by fire, there was a general expression of sympathy on the part of the public, which attested the affectionate estimation in which he was held. At the time of his decease he was more extensively engaged in business than at any former period; but death has arrested him in the midst of his plans and labours, and he now lives only in the records and memorials of his noble example and generous deeds. Mr. Chickering was buried from Trinity Church, and a large concourse, from all trades and professions, was present at the service.

Madame Sontag gave a concert last week at the Music Hall, to the children and teachers of the public schools of the city. The hall was filled. Madame Sontag was assisted by Paul Jullien, Alfred Jaell, and Signor Rocco. At the close the children sang a tribute to Madame Sontag and dispersed.

LOUISVILLE.—Ole Bull gave a concert in Louisville on Thursday evening, December 8th, at Mozart Hall.

BALTIMORE AND PITTSBURG are the next destinations of the eccentric violinist.

LIMA.—Catherine Hayes has met with great success in operatic performances.

Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON.—This fair lady and excellent songstress, having lately been led to the hymeneal altar, as we have already announced, is about to appear in the musical world in the name of her *caro sposo*. Mrs. Alexander Newton will cede to Madame Newton Frodsham. It is the intention of Madame Newton Frodsham to visit Germany in the autumn, professionally, for a short time. The lady will appear for the first time as Madame Newton Frodsham, in Birmingham, on the 19th inst., at Mr. H. Poole's Concerts.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Music, in England, I make bold to assert is, at the present time, in a riper state of progress than in any other country. Grant we have no genius—that is, genius for composition—to boast of. What other country has? Italy? No. The last "genius" was the artistically effete, though still living, Rossini. France? Auber is seventy years of age; and the rest are, at the best, his myrmidons. Germany? Worse than all. Mendelssohn is dead; Spohr is a septuagenarian; and their places are boldly usurped by men like Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, who are to music something less than were Paracelsus to medicine, Aquinas to theology, and Vanini to philosophy. In the matter of genius—in other words, of original invention—England is no worse off than the rest of the great musical countries of the civilised world.

But that is not exactly the question. The question is: in what are we superior to our contemporaries? At a mere glance we shall appear to have considerably the worst of it. Italy possesses a national opera, good, bad, or indifferent, in almost every town—two, and even three, indeed, in some. France can boast of three great and efficient lyrical establishments in its metropolis, and of one of more or less resources wherever there is a population large enough to support a theatre; while, in several instances, they are complete and powerful—as in Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, etc. Germany is even more to be envied, since it possesses lyrical theatres throughout the length and breadth of the land, the majority of them first-rate. At all these Italian, French, and German theatres, although foreign compositions are not interdicted, the staple commodity is derived from the national talent, past and present, born and nourished in the respective countries. In France, and still more in Germany, besides these operatic theatres, there are a vast number of institutions—of which the *Société des Concerts*, in Paris, and the *Gewandhaus Subscription Concerts*, at Leipzig, may be cited as examples—established chiefly for the purpose of presenting, with as much effect as possible, the orchestral and other instrumental works of the great masters. Where, then, can England be considered musically superior to the rest of Europe? In what, next to inventive genius, is of the very first importance—in taste and judgment.

How, it will be asked, have the taste and judgment of this country been created and developed?

The English musicians, up to this moment, have been imitators—with some exceptions scarcely worth mentioning, since their influence on the progress and development of the art has been insignificant. We cannot assert, with any show of reason, that Purcell and Bishop, with all their undoubted originality, have had any hand in the various stages by which music has reached its maturity. It would, indeed, be absurd to pretend to such a distinction in favour of our English composers, and impossible to establish it by proof. Let us be satisfied with our destiny. England, originally composed of many peoples, has come to be the greatest and most powerful nation of the globe. English music, formed out of similarly heterogeneous elements, must inevitably attain a like supremacy.

We have not yet been blessed with one great genius in the musical art. We have had many masters, and have some now, who know more of their art, in all probability, than any of the continental musicians; but we have not had one great genius—one who, like Handel, Mozart, Beethoven,

or Mendelssohn, could say with confidence, "I am the actual representative of the art!" Not one. We have not even possessed a man who, like Rossini, Weber, Meyerbeer, or Auber, could say with confidence, "I represent what is at present the popular feeling of the art!" Not one.

But of one thing be assured. The next phenomenon of music will be of English birth. I do not say this lightly. I am intimately convinced of it. We have had more than one "promise." Of these the most remarkable have been Pinto, Bennett, and Macfarren. But fate interposed. Our time had not yet come. It will come, though, and shortly.

I repeat, that, in what ranks next to inventive genius—in taste and judgment—we have, and long have had, the pre-eminence. A success abroad is no guarantee whatever of a success in England. How often and how clearly has this been shown. The greatest of masters have been among us, and we have profited by their lessons. Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn—Weber even—were not here in vain. And why were they here so much? Because they were better understood in London than at home.

But in another letter, with your permission, I will endeavour to support my argument—that music in England is in a riper state of progress than in any other country.

I am, Sir,

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Jan. 6, 1854.

MENDELSSOHN.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, the son of Abraham Mendelssohn, a banker of some consequence at Hamburg, in Germany, and grandson of the great philosopher and Hebraist, Moses Mendelssohn, was born at Hamburg, on the 3rd of February, 1809. The house in which he was born is close adjoining the Church of St. Michael. Hamburg is remarkable as the native place of another musician, Ferdinand David, for many years the friend and brother artist of the subject of this memoir. Felix was the second in age of a family of four children. He had an elder sister, Fanny (the late Madame Henselt), a younger brother, Paul, and a second sister, Rebecca. His mother, whose maiden name was Bartholdy, watched with anxious affection the development of the boy's mind, and in after years he repaid this motherly care with a love and tenderness which the caresses of the world never once weakened or abated.

When the boy had completed his third year, his parents changed their place of residence, and moved to Berlin. Here, under that favourable star, which from the hour of his birth had never suffered him to come in contact with anything common-place or ordinary, his wonderful talents unfolded, and early promised a brilliant future. When only eight years old he played the piano with great facility and execution, and at this tender age he acquired a fine sense of musical criticism, an intuitive power which Zelter called Mendelssohn's "Luchsauge." He discovered, (said that artist) six pure fifths, consecutively, in a movement of Sebastian Bach's, which I should never have found. His ear for music was extraordinary. He detected in a moment, the dissonance of an instrument, or the false intonation of a voice, at a time when the music was loudest, and the great body of sound most likely to drown the discordant part. All these qualities proved him to be in possession of powers quite uncommon to youths of his age, and he was placed under the care of Zelter and Berger, two plain German artists, to be taught his first lessons in composition and pianoforte playing. Zelter called

him his best and most promising pupil, when only twelve years old, and his correspondence with Goethe on the boy's progress bears honourable testimony to the warm interest he took in the education of Felix, though it tells of a rather strict and uncompromising management of a very sensitive disposition. The consequence of these letters was a fortunate one for Felix, who was brought to Goethe's especial notice. An introduction to this great man was invaluable, and we cannot doubt that this circumstance contributed in no small degree to strengthen Mendelssohn's love for all that is great, solid, and classical, and his contempt for anything weak or second-rate. It may here be remarked that the publication of Mendelssohn's correspondence with Goethe would be of deep interest to the admirers of musician and poet; at present we must be content to quote short extracts from Zelter's and Goethe's letters, which allude to the mutual interest which the writers took in the boy's progress. Zelter's letters are full of such expressions as, "the youngster plays the piano like the deuce," or, "Felix is still the head man here," and we find him writing to Goethe in the autumn of 1821, announcing his intention of a visit, and a wish to introduce his pupil to the poet—"Before I leave the world I should like to show your face to my Doris, and my best pupil." Accordingly, in the November of the same year, he actually introduced his young favourite to the poet. On the 5th of February, Goethe writes, "Say a good word to Felix, and to his parents. Since you left me my piano is speechless; one solitary attempt to restore it again would be a failure." A friendship once started was destined to be yet more and more influential over Mendelssohn; for from this time Zelter constantly related to Goethe stories of the boy's wonderful powers and application, and the poet's interest in the young musician became daily more intense. On the 8th of February, Zelter writes, "Yesterday evening, Felix completed his fourth opera, with the dialogues, and it was performed in our presence. I must confess my own weakness in attempting to restrain wonder at the amazing progress made by a boy only fifteen years old. There are three acts, which, with two ballets, occupy some two hours and a half in the performance. The work has fairly met with its meed of applause. Original ideas, beautifully expressed, are to be found throughout; there is no want of rhythm, dramatic power, and flow of harmony; it is scored apparently by experienced hands; the orchestral parts are not overloaded, so as to fatigue; nor, on the other hand, can I complain of a mere accompaniment and poverty of instrumentation; the band play it *con amore*, and yet it is not music to be trifled with. Nothing is omitted, out of place, disjointed, or fragmentary; passion, tenderness, love, and joy, are all in their turn expressed. The overture is a strange production. You would fancy a painter, who, after dashing a quantity of colour indiscriminately on the canvass, and gradually clearing it away from the surface, with finger and brush, produces at last a defined and distinct picture; so that one is the more astonished that anything truthful should appear, after being subjected to such a process." Such is the eulogy of Zelter, and it must be said to his praise, that he seems to have appreciated, from the very first, that variety of thought and expression, so splendidly concentrated, in after years, in such poetical overtures, as that to the Hebrides and others of equal excellence.

"Certainly," continues Zelter, "I speak as a grandfather, who sports his pet grandchild, still I know what I say, and will not expatiate on ideal excellency which I cannot prove. Applause, liberally given by the orchestral and vocal performers, is a sure criterion; and it is easy to see if an indif-

ference and coldness, or a real earnest satisfaction carries the executants through their work; where the composer gives the members of an orchestra something worth interpreting, both parties mutually succeed, and each helps to enjoy the laurels." How entirely have the words of Zelter been realized in the subsequent career of Mendelssohn! It is impossible to forget the enthusiasm shared by the vocal and orchestral members of the Leipzig Society, at the rehearsals of *St. Paul*, and the *Hymn of Praise*; or the patience shewn in conquering the extreme difficulties of his overtures, and the music adapted to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare. There never lived Mendelssohn's rival, as a conductor; at times he praised sincerely, at others blamed, but, whether he smiled or frowned, the orchestra invariably acted in accordance with his suggestion, and the results were sure to justify the wisdom of his choice, and their good sense in adopting it.

In the year 1823, Abraham Mendelssohn travelled, with his son, to Paris, for the express purpose of introducing him to Cherubini. This step showed an honourable distrust in popular praise, the object being to inquire, of an undoubted authority, if the son possessed so decided a genius for the art, as to make it worth while to cultivate these powers to a still greater extent. Cherubini encouraged the father to future sacrifices and efforts for the advancement of his son's welfare, and acknowledged unhesitatingly the youth's great ability. On their journey back, the travellers paid Goethe a visit. He writes to Zelter, on the 25th May, 1825, "Felix brought out his first quartet; everybody was thunderstruck; to hear the first performance of a work dedicated to me enhances the pleasure I feel at the compliment; it has done me much good too." In the month of June, he wrote to Mendelssohn himself a "*Schönes Liebeschreiben*," as Zelter called it, and, in return, Felix presented Goethe with a translation of the *Andria* of Terence, which he had written under the guidance of his private tutor, Heyse. On the 11th of October, 1826, Goethe writes to Zelter, "Thank the excellent active Felix for his example of earnest practical study; his production, I expect, will be a source of amusement and usefulness to the artists of Weimar, in the long winter evenings before us." In the April of 1829, Moscheles induced Mendelssohn to take a tour through parts of England and Scotland. He had the misfortune, in London, to meet with a trifling accident scarcely worthy note, except as proving how deep an interest was taken in his welfare by one of the greatest men of those days. He happened to be driving through the streets of London with a friend; the gig upset and Mendelssohn, who was thrown out, received a contusion of the knee. Zelter wrote an account of the accident to Goethe, who answered in a letter full of sympathy, "I should like to hear if favourable reports can be given of the worthy Felix; the interest I take in him is great; it is painful to see a man, who has already done so much, endangered, or at least prevented from active work, by an untoward accident, such as you tell me of. Let me hear a more comforting account."

It was now determined that Mendelssohn should journey to Italy; but, before starting, he was honoured by Goethe's hospitality, who entertained him for a whole fortnight. Golden moments those few days must have been to the youthful guest, who was sent on his way rejoicing by the bard himself, who sang of "The land where the citrons bloom." From a letter of Goethe's to Zelter, we see what enjoyment he had derived from Mendelssohn's visit. It is dated June 3rd, 1830. "At half-past five o'clock this morning, with a

cloudless sky, and in the most lovely sunshine, the excellent Felix left my house. Ottilia (Goethe's wife), Ulrika (Madame Von Poggenwisch), and the children (Walter Goethe, the present composer, etc.) were with him. Felix charmed us here a whole fortnight, and played delightfully. He is now on his way to Jena, there to bind his friends by the same delicious spell. His name, I assure you, will be always remembered with honour amongst us. His society has been of great advantage to me, for my interest and better feelings are always excited when I am listening to music. All historical associations connected with the art are valuable in my judgment; and Felix deserves great praise for his thorough knowledge of the gradations, and several periods in music. From the fact of his possessing a retentive memory, he can perform the *chefs-d'œuvre* of all the different schools at his own time and pleasure. He first gave me specimens from the Bach epoch, and then brought me back again to Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck, finishing with the great composers of the present day, including his own productions, which make me feel and meditate. He leaves me under the auspices of my best wishes and blessings. Present my respects and congratulations to the worthy parents of this extraordinary young artist." From this time both poet and musician kept up a correspondence, until the death of the former. Goethe constantly alludes to the delightfully-interesting letters of Felix. 4th January, 1831—"You announce to me Felix's visit to Rome, and his prosperous sojourn in that city. Wherever he goes, he must of course meet with the same favourable reception, he unites great powers with such an amiable nature." And on the 31st of March, in the same year: "My chief news is that I have just received a delightful letter from Felix, dated from Rome, 5th of March. It gives me a lively picture of that remarkable young man. I feel quite sure of the success of his coming years: his genius will serve him as a "swimming jacket," to carry him safely over the breakers and stormy seas that always threaten rising greatness." The prophecy of the old king of poets was verified: for at a time when art was on the decline, and weeds growing luxuriously over the ruins, with what an inspired energy did Felix restore what had fallen, and raise a pure classical style on the base of his own original erections. I have laid great stress in the early part of my memoir on Goethe's friendship with Mendelssohn, for it was, as we before stated, a most important period in his career; and (strange to say) most of those who have sketched outlines of his life have neglected the mention of it. Felix was the last scion of an age when German artists of any pretensions acquired excellence, in partially modelling from antiquity, without sacrificing their original power. Goethe, in whom the Grecian element so happily blended with the native German, influenced his friend in this direction by precept and example. The details of Mendelssohn's career will prove the truth of our statement. Let us look at the development of his genius, and return to that period when we left him as a boy under the care of Zelter and Ludwig Berger.

(To be continued.)

THE JENNY LIND MANIA.—At Boston, a man solemnly announced a tea-kettle, which he christened "The Jenny Lind," from the fact that, the moment it was filled with water and put on the fire it began to sing! The coachman who drove the warbler from the railway to the River House, mounted the steps of the hotel, and, extending his hand, said: "Here's the hand that lifted Jenny Lind out of the coach, gentlemen. You can kiss it, any of you who choose, for five dollars—children half-price!"—*Bunn's New England and Old England.*

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

This society gave the last of three *soirées*, at Erat's Harp Saloon, on Monday evening. A stringed quartet, by Dr. Steggall, a sonata for piano and violin, by Mr. H. Graves, and a pianoforte quartet in B minor by Mr. C. E. Stephens, were the features. The performers were Messrs. Dorrell, Holmes, Mellish, and Stephens (pianoforte); Watson, Zerbini, and Colchester (violins); Weslake (viola); Guest (violoncello); and Trust (harp). A trio of Ries, for harp and two pianos, was also played; and a selection of vocal pieces was entrusted to Miss Messent, Mrs. Noble, Messrs. Ferrari and Redfearn. Mr. J. T. Cooper was the accompanist; Mr. H. Graves, the "director."

The Society of British Musicians was instituted in 1834, "for the advancement of native art and artists." It made a brilliant *début* in the Hanover Square Rooms, with orchestral concerts, on a large scale. A year or two afterwards it settled down in a corner near the Middlesex Hospital, whence it has never since removed.

If the Society of British Musicians can do no better than this, it had better do nothing; since nothing is more incongruous than a sounding title to represent a trifling matter.

ORCHESTRA OF M. SAX.

THE following list of the members of M. Adolph Sax's celebrated orchestra is given from *Le Ménestrel*:—

"M. Mohr, chef-d'orchestre and composer. Flute—Brunot, solo; octave flute—Léon Magnier, solo. Oboe—Barthélemy; solo, J. Boulou. Small clarinet—Weber, solo; Lépine, solo. Clarinets—Mimart, solo; Rouillon, Fabre, Pards, Lerouge, Limberger, Barbu, Boutmy, Leudé. Saxophones—Auroux, soprano, solo; Printz, alto solo; Lépine, tenor solo; Delisle, baryton solo; Rose, basso solo. New bass-clarinet—Duprez. Small sax-horns in E flat—Trien, solo, Cahen. Sax-horns contralto in B flat—Schlotmann, solo, Brick. Sax-trombas in E flat—V. Bonnefoy, solo; P. Bonnefoy, F. Bonnefoy, A. Massart. Sax-horns baryton in B flat—Bruneau, Cerclier, jun. Bass sax-horns in B flat—Holtzem, Moreau. Contra-basso sax-horn in E flat—Dantonnet. Grand sax-horn contra-basso in B flat—Dortu. Cornets-à-pistons—Arban, solo, Ory, solo, Lallier. Horns—H. Massart, Weber, jun. Trumpets *d' cylindres*—Guignery, Debarde, Raguet. Trombones—Francois, Lecomte, Sauret. Kettle-drums—Nicolle. Big-drum and cymbals—Mohr fils. Castanets. Triangle, and tambourine.

MR. G. V. BROOKE'S CHARITY.—We have much pleasure in recording an incident, which illustrates in an eminent degree, the practical benevolence of G. V. Brooke, the comedian. Mr. Brooke is in the habit of dispensing his charity every Christmas to the poor of the locality in which he may happen to be sojourning, and in Belfast he has not forgotten this practice. On Wednesday last, from twelve o'clock until two in the afternoon, he distributed among the poor, at the Donegal Arms, one hundred blankets, with gifts of money, &c. Nor did any sectarian feeling influence him. He divided upwards of one hundred tickets amongst four clergymen, namely, the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Rev. Dr. Edgar, Rev. Dr. Cooke, and the Rev. T. F. Millar, vicar of Belfast; and these gentlemen distributed the tickets again to the poor and needy of their respective flocks, and each individual, on presenting a ticket to Mr. Brooke, received a blanket.—*Belfast Mercury*, Dec. 23.

THE BEALE TOURS.—On the 21st a new and attractive "Beale Party," consisting of Miss Arabella Goddard, Madame Amedei, Mr. Weiss, and M. Sainton, principals, leave London for the provinces. In the following towns concerts will be given, and in something like the following order:—Devizes, Taunton, Torquay, Plymouth, Exeter, Bath, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Hereford, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Leamington, Henley, Liverpool, Preston, Lancaster, Huddersfield, Bradford, Wakefield, Sheffield, Derby, Cheltenham, Oxford, Cambridge, Norwich, Ipswich, Canterbury, Dover, Maidstone, etc.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Weston's Saturday Evening Concerts continue to attract. A Miss Wood, pupil of Mr. Weston, has debuted there. The young lady has a good voice, but she must study. At the Athenæum, on Tuesday week, a concert was given in the Library Hall, the principal artists being Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss E. T. Greenfield, the "Black Swan," Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Charles Cotton, Miss Ward, piano, and Mr. Distin, senior, trumpet.

IBID.—On Wednesday evening, 28th ult., Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the Concert Hall, under the direction of Mr. Charles Hallé. The principal singers were Miss Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss. It was what was called "a Choral Dress Concert." The band, as usual, was led by Mr. Seymour, and Mr. W. Barlow presided at the organ. The *Manchester Courier*, speaking of this performance, says:—"The last performance of this oratorio in this room took place January 11, 1850, when Mr. Benedict officiated as conductor, and Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Robinson were the principal singers. The present performance was as successful as circumstances, over which the performers had no control, could allow it to be, but the contracted dimensions of the orchestra never will admit a satisfactory arrangement of the band and chorus. The latter seemed to form an impenetrable barrier to sound, for the first and second violins were scarcely audible, so that other portions of the orchestra, more advantageously placed by being raised above the singers, appeared to have undue prominence. The chorus was very satisfactory, particularly the basses, which came out with great force. The organ, too, appeared, after the alterations, to greater advantage; the pipes, having been allowed more wind, tell out much better, and the rise in the pitch and the equal temperament were quite necessary improvements on account of the band, particularly the wind instruments. That, however, the organ is totally unfit for the position it fills, will be quite evident when we state that it does not contain a single double diapason, the number of stops being eight through stops and two half stops in the great organ, five half stops in the swell, and that one open diapason forms an apology for a pedal organ." The writer bestows some measured praise on the solo singers, and speaks highly of Mr. Liddell in the violoncello accompaniment to one of the songs. He concludes with the following remarks:—"On the whole it is well—the choruses and chorales forming so important a portion of *St. Paul*, there being twenty of the former and four of the latter—that they were effectively given, for this they certainly were, in spite of the awkward position of the singers. The subscribers to the Concert Hall do not appear to have a great relish for sacred music. On ordinary occasions the hall, as we have frequently stated, is full an hour before the performances commence; on this occasion, on the contrary, at six o'clock very few had indeed arrived. Nor did the room fill afterwards, for, in spite of the accession of children, which always takes place at the Christmas concert, there were vacant places here and there dotted over the body of the hall, and in the gallery some entire benches found no occupants. The oratorio was very properly uninterrupted by expressions of applause, and terminated at ten o'clock. It would have been advisable to have made an interval of five minutes towards the end, perhaps after the chorus "This is Jehovah's temple," for the purpose of affording the numerous parties, who seem to think it unfashionable to remain to the close, an opportunity of retiring without disturbing those who wish to hear the oratorio throughout. The commencement of the last recitative "And though He be offered upon the sacrifice of our faith," seemed a signal for a very general move on the part of the audience, which was not only annoying to those who, like ourselves, desired to listen to the whole of the music, but must have been not at all agreeable to the feelings of Miss Birch."

DEVONPORT INSTITUTE.—The committee of this Institution have secured the services of Madame Amedei, Madame Weiss, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Land, Miss Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton, for the only evening open to an engagement in this part of the country. Such a combination of talent will no doubt add to the funds of the Institution.

LIVERPOOL.—On Monday next Mr. Thomas commences his series of nightly Shilling Concerts at the Philharmonic Hall. Mr. Thomas will be assisted, among others, by Messrs. Lazarus, Harper, Blagrove, Streather, &c., as solo performers. There will be overtures, marches, quadrilles, waltzes, and the favourite selection from *Robert le Diable*—all for one shilling. The concerts will be strictly limited to one month.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Ireson's annual entertainment took place on Thursday evening week, and attracted a full audience. The band was excellent. The singing of Miss Thirlwall was greatly admired, and obtained two or three encores. Miss Felton sang one or two pieces prettily. Mr. Suchet Champion was placed at his ease by the reception accorded to his first song. The glees and quartets afforded great pleasure, while a solo on the violin by Mr. Streather, the leader, and another on the contra-basso by Mr. A. C. Rowland, were loudly applauded, the former being encored. A fantasia for violin and pianoforte, by Mr. Streather and Mr. J. Paine, was played in good style. On the whole, the concert reflected credit on Mr. Ireson, both as conductor and as musician.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

NORTHAMPTON.—The Choral Society in this town gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah* on the Tuesday in Christmas week; Madame Weiss, Miss Louisa M'Korkell, and Mr. Donald King, being the professional vocalists. Madame Weiss was the soprano, and Miss Louisa M'Korkell the contralto. Mr. Donald King was suffering from a severe hoarseness. Mr. G. J. Hopkins (of the Temple church) presided at the German organ. This instrument told with effect. The power and freshness of its tone, combined with so much depth and singularity, rank this instrument as one of the loudest in England. Founded on an entirely new theory, it presents such new features as to constitute an immense crotchet in the science of organ building, to which few parallel cases are found in this country. Mr. C. M'Korkell was the conductor. The large Music Hall was densely filled.

BATH.—It has been arranged that the gentlemen amateurs of this city shall meet their friends on Wednesday, the 11th of January, at the Theatre Royal. The pieces selected are the comedy of *Married Life*, the interlude *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell*, and the farce of *No*. The following, we understand is the "cast" of the characters in the first piece:—Mr. Coddle, Capt. Price; Mr. Dove, H. de Cardonnel Lawson, Esq.; Mr. Lynx, Mr. Akerman; Mr. Younghusband, Howard Fenwick, Esq.; Mr. Dismal, Townley Woodman, Esq.; Mrs. Coddle, Mrs. Woolridge; Mrs. Lynx, Miss Fanny Bennett; Mrs. Younghusband, Miss Fanny Young; Mrs. Dove, Mrs. John Rouse; Mrs. Dismal, Mrs. Stevenson. In *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell* the characters will be thus represented:—Chesterfield Honeybun, H. de Cardonnel Lawson, Esq.; Crank, Capt. Price. The farce *No* has been thus cast:—Sir George Doubtful, Townley Woodman, Esq.; Commodore Hurricane, Mr. Herring; Frederick, G. A. Muttelbury, Esq.; David, G. Jebb, Esq.; Smart, F. Thompson, Esq. The new play of *Gold* has been announced by the management.

DEVONPORT.—The members of the Mechanics' Institute gave two concerts on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday during the past week. The artists engaged were Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, members of the English Glee and Madrigal Union. The programme for each evening comprised madrigals, glees, songs, &c. Excepting Miss E. Birch and Mr. F. Bodda, the whole of the vocalists have previously appeared before Devonport audiences, with whom they are especial favourites. In alluding to the first concert, we must pass a deservedly high commendation on Miss Dolby for the taste she displayed in the song by Sir Walter Raleigh, of "Repentance," or not to mention in the second concert the scena "Joan of Arc in Prison," which afforded full scope for the qualities and capabilities of her voice; Miss E. Birch was very effective in the various pieces allotted to her, especially in Land's new ballad, "Why art thou sad," her style of singing is purely English, and her efforts were followed by flattering marks of

approval. Mr. Frank Bodda gave a capital rendering of "Largo al factotum" first in Italian and in the encore in English. "The anchor's weighed," by Mr. Francis, was given with great expression and feeling. Mr. Land sang two of Samuel Lover's Irish ballads, "Sally, Sally," and "Mother, he's going away," in a manner that did full justice to the compositions. The madrigals and glees cannot fail to have left an impression on the crowded audiences which filled the hall on each night that will be long remembered. The concerts were eminently successful, and though the engagements were attended with considerable expense, we believe the funds of the Institute have in no respect suffered, notwithstanding the very moderate rate at which tickets were issued to the members.—*Devonport Independent*, Dec. 31st.

NEWCASTLE.—The Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society concluded their second year on Thursday evening, December 22, with a performance of *Israel in Egypt*, and a miscellaneous selection from the works of Haydn, Beethoven, &c. Mr. Ashton sang the recitatives and the air, "Thou didst blow," in his usual style. Mr. Hadock, in "Their land brought forth frogs," acquitted himself well; also in the air, "Thou shalt bring them in." The duet, "The Lord is a man of war," was sung by Messrs. K. Greener and Hemingway, and was highly effective. The choruses were creditably sustained: some of them rendered in a very spirited manner, for instance, "The hailstone," "But as for his people," "He smote the first-born," and the concluding great chorus, "I will sing unto the Lord." The second part opened with Beethoven's "Hallelujah," from the *Mount of Olives*, and was finely sung. Mr. Hemingway gave "He layeth the beams," in style. Himmel's dramatic chorus "The Judgment," produced a great effect, after which "Angels ever bright and fair" was sung by Miss Leybourne, who made her *début* on this occasion, and, allowing for timidity, acquitted herself well. Mr. Hemingway sang "How willing my paternal love," and Mr. Ashton, "Lord remember David." The choruses "The dead shall live," and "Father, we adore thee," were well given, as was also, "The arm of the Lord;" the beautiful and subdued passage, "The Lord he will have mercy," by the way was sung much too loudly, and the effect materially diminished. Handel's coronation anthem closed the selection. The attendance was numerous, and the performance gave the utmost gratification. The band was excellent, particularly the stringed instruments, which we thought more steady than on preceding occasions. Mr. Redshaw presided at the organ with his usual ability, and the whole was conducted by Mr. Ions, to whom praise must be awarded for the zeal and ability which he manifests in his position.—*Newcastle Guardian*.

EDINBURGH.—(From our own Correspondent.)—*Fidelio* was played on Monday night to a crowded audience. Madame Caradori, Herr Formes, and Herr Reichardt were called for before the curtain at the end of each act. Last night *Norma* was repeated. Additional seats were placed in the stall part of the house, and boxes, pit, and gallery were crowded. In the part of the heroine, Madame Caradori was eminently successful; her acting at times elicited a perfect storm of applause. A greater triumph has not often been witnessed in Edinburgh. Formes, in Orovoso, surpasses himself. His performance of the Druid high priest is certainly one of the finest ever seen, while his singing is remarkable for its intensity of feeling and purity of style. Herr Reichardt's Pollio was a spirited and energetic performance. His voice possesses great sweetness, and he acts with feeling and dramatic power. Madlle. Zimmerman performed Adalgisa with much success. Added to a voice of good quality, she is a thorough musician, and was deservedly applauded. The band and chorus were steady and in good training.

At the Amphitheatre, an excellent Pantomime has been produced, under the superintendence of Mr. Wyndham, and proves highly attractive, the house being full every night. It is beautifully put upon the stage, and is remarkable for having the best Harlequin and Columbine I ever saw, in Mr. Forrest and Miss Sanger. The dancing of the lady elicits loud and constant marks of approbation.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—The first concert of the Ryde Philharmonic Society took place under distinguished patronage, at the Town Hall, on Monday evening last. The vocalists were Miss Stabbach and Herr Brandt; instrumentalists—pianoforte, Mrs. M. A. Jones; cornopean, Master Jones; harpist and flautist, Mr. Jones. The concert opened with "The Gypsies' Chorus," ably sung by the members of the Society. Miss Stabbach sang Webers's "Softly sighs," with great effect, and was unanimously encored in "Take back the ring." The cornopean solo of Master Jones was extremely well played; taking into consideration his youth, he bids fair to be one of our best cornopeanists. In a duett with his father for two cornopeans, he was equally successful. The songs of Herr Brandt were sung in a very artistic manner. The duett for pianoforte and harp was capitally performed by Mrs. and Mr. Jones. The concerted pieces sung by the Society, and also the remaining portion of the instrumental pieces, were very effectively rendered.

HARROW.—A concert was given at the Rooms of the Literary Institution, on last Thursday evening. The programme offered the audience, a very fashionable one, a well-arranged selection of vocal music, conducted by Messrs. Haskins and Tillyard. The Misses Stabbach, E. and J. Brougham, sang exceedingly well. The former lady was encored in a duett with Mr. Tillyard, and also in a pretty song, charmingly given, "From sorrow's dream awake." The Misses Brougham were encored in a trio with Miss Stabbach. Mr. Tillyard is a good singer. Mr. George Tedder sang extremely well, and the concert terminated, considering the season and the weather, to the satisfaction of a numerous assembly.

BELFAST.—Mr. G. V. BROOKE concluded his engagement at the Theatre Royal on the 24th ult.

SADLERS' WELLS.—This theatre, the proper home of pantomime, where poor Joe Grimaldi delighted our fathers and ourselves in boyhood, presented a right merrie English and legitimate pantomime entitled, *Harlequin Tom Thumb; or Gog and Magog, and Mother Goose's Golden Goslings*. This pantomime is one of Mr. Greenwood's best efforts, and amply sustains his well earned character and the prestige of Sadlers' Wells. The fairy tale, which delighted us in the nursery, was produced in its minutest details; the rapidity of the changes and the startling contrast in the scenes took the audience by surprise, prepared as they were for being both pleased and astonished. Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine, the humemorial and indisputable pantomimists, were excellently put forward. Nicola Deulin, the Clown, is a fellow of infinite fun and surprising elasticity of limb; Miss Caroline Parkes, as Columbine, is a pleasing and smart danseuse; and Mr. Waylon, as Pantaloon, left little to be desired. An unflagging fire of pointed jokes, social and political, is kept up throughout; among the most telling—"The City Testimonial to Prince Albert" turning into a bar of "soft soap"—"A box of Homoeopathic Medicine" into the "Aztec Children" to be taken with "scruples." This is another evidence that Mr. Phelps is resolved to present nothing but the legitimate article in every department of his creditable, and we are happy to add, successful management. The house at Sadlers' Wells is a proof of the undiminished appreciation which the public have for the English Drama, and the perseverance in upholding its interests ever evinced by the managers.

THE CITY OF LONDON.—Hurrah for the city and its pantomime. It was with the absolute certainty of being pleased that we seated ourselves in this theatre last Monday evening. We hold Nelson Lee to be one of the most practical and telling, as well as by far the most amusing, of the "popular preachers" of the day. He gives us no dull details, no reiteration of common places, which, dull in themselves, duller grow as the changes are mercilessly rung upon them, pointed joke and sparkling epigram scarcely give us time to breathe during one of Nelson Lee's pantomimes; and the only drawback is, that one cannot

secure room enough to laugh at ease. *The Ocean Queen*, or *Harlequin and the Mystic Branch*, we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the very best of the many pantomimes produced by the enterprising, and thoroughly alive to the popular taste, proprietors of the City of London Theatre, of which house we may say—

Jocus and Comus drive tandem with Momus,
Lighting the road with gibe, banter and bam.

When we have said so much for the pantomime, we almost fear that our praise will be considered indiscriminate when we allude to the Company as the best acting pantomimists brought together at this house. Let us, however, remind our readers that *Paul Herring is down*—Morelli "a contemporary of Grimaldi, and who has played pantaloen to him," pantaloen—Mrs. Harvey, columbine—Vedoni, harlequin—and Herr Deani Sprite.

The *Soldiering mania* was well hit off at *Chobam Camp*—as were the *table-turning nuisance* and the ludicrous *Cochin fowl* humbug. The political sympathies of the holiday audience were exemplified in the original cry of "*Bravo, Palmerston*," elicited by some telling play on *Turkey* and the *Russian Bear*. One of the happiest bits was where clown gets into debt as fast and as gloriously as an *Irish lord* or squire—squanders, passes through the Court of Bankruptcy, and diddles his creditors, as the court for the sale of encumbered estates will not allow the Irish lords and squires (pretty justice this to Ireland!) to do. The pantomime, in fact, has turned out a turn-up card, and well deserves the success it has met.

GRECIAN SALOON.—The opening piece was on Monday followed by the looked-for Christmas annual, *Harlequin Charity Brat; or, The Magic Christmas Piece*. The frequenters of the Grecian are connoisseurs in pantomimes, as all unsophisticated Englishmen who are not ashamed to laugh are. The pantomime is a great social teacher, and many a wholesome lesson and cutting gibe is conveyed in merrie tone by time-hallowed Clown and witless Pantaloon. Coming at the end of the year, it allows a running commentary on all the absurdities and follies, the well-doings and short-comings of the twelvemonths that are gone. *Harlequin Charity Brat* does great credit to the writer, Mr. Webb, and the producer, Mr. Phillips. The piece contains the usual proportion of fun and morals, and proceeds in the approved course till the transformation. Views of Constantinople and the Dublin Exhibition were presented during the performance, and the whole terminated with an allegorical *tableau* of Neptune and Britannia testifying to England's monarchy of the ocean. The scenery is well painted, and the incidental music is well performed by a band under Messrs. Berry and Edroff. Mr. Conquest is an indefatigable caterer. Of him it may be said, as of a famous Dublin manager,

"Conquest, who rules with equal skill,
The play-house bill and bill of fare,"

and well merits the success which he merits.

THE YANKEE AND MONT BLANC.

How de du, Mont Blanc? I vow I'm glad to meet ye;
A thund'rin' grist o' miles I've come to greet ye;
I'm from America, where we've got a fountain,
Niagara it's called, where you might lave
Your mighty phiz; then you could shirt and shave
In old Kentucky—in our Mammoth Cave;
Or take a snooze, when you're in want of rest,
On our big prairies in the "Far West;"
Or, when you're dry, might cool your heated liver
By sipping up the Mississippi river.
As for my companions, should you wish for any,
Why, we've got the Katskill and the Alleghany;
You may accept them with impunity,
They both stand high in our community.
Give us a call. You'd almost step from hence;
Our folks all long to see Your Eminence.
Come over, Blanc!—don't make the least ado;
Bring Madame Juda with you, and the little glaciers too!

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.—The *début* of this celebrated *Cantatrice*, at the Grand Opera in Paris, was anticipated to take place on the 6th (yesterday)—or, at the latest, to-morrow, the 8th. Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, as we have already stated, is the part in which Sophie will first appeal to an intrinsically French (or Parisian) audience.

M. VISCONTI, the famous architect, member of the French Institute, died on Friday the 30th ult. at five o'clock, of apoplexy. M. Visconti was entrusted with the direction of the important works that have been for some time going on at the Louvre. His death is a real loss to the arts. The funeral service of the Imperial Architect was performed on Tuesday with great pomp and ceremony in the church of St. Philippe du Roule.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. W's. communication arrived too late for insertion. A letter addressed to Wessel & Co. cannot fail to reach us.

INCAS.—We seldom admit verses into our columns which have no reference to music or art in general. The lines, however, are good.

O. T.—We have no immediate means of gaining the information demanded by our correspondent. Apply to CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street.

MADAME NEWTON FRODSHAM (late Mrs. Alexander Newton) begs to announce her return to town on the 9th instant. All letters relative to engagements to be addressed to her residence, 5, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

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GEORGE BARKER'S LECTURES on the BALLAD MUSIC OF ENGLAND. Ballad entertainments, &c.—On Thursday next, January 5, at the Literary Institution, Shiffnal; 6th, Newport (Salop); 9th, Madeley; 10th, Bilston; 12th and 13th, Ashford (Kent); 19th, Sevenoaks; February 6th, Bristol; 14th, Stockwell; 21st, Bridgewater; April 11th, Stockwell (2nd time).—56, Brompton-sq.

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS, 1854.—Third Season.
—FIVE CONCERTS will be given at Willis's Rooms, on Thursdays, Feb. 23, March 9, 23rd, 30th, and April 6. Subscription for the series, 30s.; single admissions, half-a-guinea. Parties of five and six can have a sofa reserved for the season. For a list of patronesses and other particulars vide prospectuses. The Ninth Record of the Musical Union, this day published, copies of which will be sent to members by messengers, post, and parcel delivery. Names of subscribers to the Winter Evenings to be forwarded to CRAMER & Co., Regent-street, addressed to

J. ELLA, Director.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Numerous applications having been made to the various Members of the above Society, they have been induced to make such arrangements as will enable them, as a body, to accept ENGAGEMENTS for the purpose of PERFORMING at ORATORIOS, OPERAS, CONCERTS, and other Entertainments where their services may be required, in London or the Provinces. The Artists constituting the Society will be recognised as those occupying the highest position in the musical profession, as Instrumentalists, and their combination as an Orchestra cannot fail to ensure the most perfect interpretation of the great works of the most eminent composers.—(Signed), Lazarus, Barrett, Baumann, Lovell Phillips, Rowland, Thirlwall, Bosio, Cioffi, Prospère, and Frank Mori (Conductor), to whom application may be made, addressed to Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co, 199 and 201, Regent-street.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued.

MR. AGUILAR respectfully announces that he will give **THREE SOIREES OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC** at his residence, No. 68, Upper Norton-street, Portland-road, on Saturdays, January 14 and 28, and February 11. Subscription or triple tickets, one guinea; single tickets, half-a-guinea. To be had of Mr. Aguilar, and at the principal music publishers.

MR. AGUILAR respectfully announces that his **FIRST SOIREE OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC** will take place at his Residence, No. 68, Upper Norton-street, Portland-road, on Saturday, 14th January.

PROGRAMME.—Sonata—(Op. 46. No. 3) Clementi; Song; Trio—Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Aguilar; Vocal Duet; Sonata—"Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," Beethoven; Song; Songs without Words, Mendelssohn. Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Vocalist, Signor and Madame Ferrari.

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THE LONDON ORCHESTRA have the honour to announce that their **FIRST GRAND CONCERT** will take place, at the above rooms, **THURSDAY EVENING, January 19, 1854**, on which occasion they will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Amedei, Madame Weiss, Mlle. Cesarini, Madame F. Lablache, Mr. W. H. Weiss, Mr. Land, Signor F. Lablache; Miss Arabella Goddard and Mons. Sinton, principal Violinist to Her Majesty. The Orchestra comprises, amongst others, Barret, Baumann, Cioffi, Chipp, Lazarus, N. Mori, Mann, L. Phillips, Prospère, Paque, Richardson, Rowland, Thirlwall, Tolbecque, Vogel, Zeiss. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS, Exeter Hall, January 11, 1854.—Gems from Classic Authors, after which, Popular English Composers; Madame Amedei, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Clara St. Casse, Miss Harriet Chipp, the Misses Brougham, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Hill, Mr. Lawler. Soloists—Grand Pianoforte, Miss Rosina Bentley. Harp, Mlle. Louise Christine. Horn, Mr. Catchpole. Band—70 performers. Conductor, Herr Meyer Lutz. Stalls, 4s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Area, Gallery, and Platforms, 1s. Tickets to be had at the Hall.

HARMONIC UNION, Exeter-hall.—Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT; organist, Mr. W. REA.—Monday, January 23, MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH. Vocalists:—Miss Stabbach, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, and Signor Belletti. At the succeeding concert, Handel's Acis and Galatea, with, for the first time, Mozart's Accompaniments. Subscribers now entering entitled to two tickets for both performances. Area, £1 1s.; reserved, £2 2s.; stalls, £3 3s. per annum; single tickets, 3s., 5s., 10s. 6d. Office, 5, Exeter-hall.

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